

To Elizabeth Pease Nichol.

Weymouth

near Boston

February 4th 1857

Dear Mrs. Nichol -

My dear friend;

My date reminds

me of the time twenty years
ago, - (twenty years make the dif-
ference between youth & age -
for me especially, - for whom
they have been years of
lost & battle.) When your
name, Elizabeth! - came to
us from Dartington, with
words of encouragement &
sympathy. You had us hold

cut;— & we have not
failed. And how much of our
Fidelity, if we be found faithful to
the end, is owing to your
help & Sympathy, can never
be known. This will be
known—that, from that
hour to the present time,
through good report & evil
report, you have been
so true & faithful to us that
words fail suitably to acknowl-
edge it. I shall not try.
I merely took up my pen
to beg your acceptance
(with more proof errors in
it than I can possibly correct)
of our report of this year's

Annals Phillips just tells me what I and not known before—
that they share your gift to

Ann Phelps just tells me what I and not know before — that they were going to a

Dayaas.

— Last year I had the whole actual responsibility of the sale on me; — as my Father's recent death & my family's absence in consequence, left me without even an aid de camp to send from one end of the field to the other with a message. This year, I was able to ascertain some things about last year, & such of them as you should specially hear, I have saved to report to you.

Last year I observed some beautiful curtains, hanging, unappreciated, — all through the Fair. I think not a single one sold at that time. (They were the ones invoiced from Glasgow, by Andrew Paton, at £11. or thereabouts. — 25/ for pair.) I have since

procured sales of most of
them: - valuable property
always will, in the long
run, realize: - but this partial
and description of property does
not pay ^{enough of} a profit, for two reasons.
First, Curtains are not in general
use among us: - & Second, -
if they were, they are, in this,
like oil paintings: - not being
common, our people are a-
fraid to buy them on their own
taste, but go to some party for-
eign, ^{turner} upholsterer, who, it may
be never saw a drawing room
in his life, - but only refuse draw-
ings of draperies. Those who travel
bring their own decorations home
with them, & their friends imitate
them; & such things are bought
elsewhere. In short, we are not

get in that trade. 43 per
hats, next year, they will
call avec voix de Stentor, for curtains.
So uncertain is trade, especially
in Philanthropic realms.

The turn of our people of oil-
paintings does not extend to wa-
ter colour sketches & paintings.
These they buy with eagerness, &
with pretty good discrimination.
I sold nearly \$400 worth
this year. Among them
was one of "Blissmatic" - Marked
D.C. I had always thought it
by the Carpenters, Mary or
Anna. It was extremely beau-
tiful, warm-toned & high-
finished. I valued it, some
eight or ten years ago (it was
your gift, with a lot of others)
at \$20. It alone remained un-

Sold, because of the price.
Our people could not then
appreciate it. Meanwhile,
they have been in process
of artistic education: - The
Bazaar, - art-club - Foreign
travel & the like, brought
them up, this year, to quite
a purchasing pitch, & the
"D.C." sold. I think I could
have sold half a dozen such.
We began to get a notion of
names, too, & talk of Calcott
& the Vernon gallery, "like any
thing." Nay - even of Ruskin:
(My best double bass malediction
upon him, for enabling people
to talk foolishly of what they
know nothing about.) It comes
into my mission of exposing

fortune occasionally to find
him a rare hit. He talks like
a litterateur, but exceedingly unlike
an artist. Poetry is not paint-
ing, & he thinks it is. Protest-
antism is not art, & he
half suspects it is. Religion is reli-
gion; & that he is ready to
declare is eminently political.
It is not because he is self-suffi-
cient that I can't abide him but
because he is insufficient. If he
were right his tone would be well.
Being mistaken he seems childish.
The fashion of high art, & low
art and the like, is all for want
of thought. Even the French fashion
of "l'art pour l'art" is not more
wisely distinct of it. In all these
matters, I have learned from the
Anti-Slavery cause & its workings,
that that is good for nothing which
is not good for something else. —

V that the work, artistic or
other, to which all the faculties
a man has do not go, is but
poor work. Men's faculties differ,
all are not perfect. But the
best each man has, sincerely brought
up to the work, is sure to do
good & give pleasure, whether
poetry or painting - life or liter-
ature. Elizabeth Barrett Browning
had not so many faculties in play
when she wrote "The Vision of
the Poets," as she now has; yet,
although I think the former
the higher effort, shall I
therefore deny the immense
power & beauty of "Aurora
Leigh?" There is a time when
the inward witness says, like
her "voice" to the youthful poet,
"be holy & cold." Long afterwards
there comes a voice which says
"be holy, & not cold" - Both are true Commandments.

Julia Griffiths, who have fastened
on the cause as the Leech
does on the swimmer, to get a
hiding out of it, are a real
comfort to Englishmen who
want to get Philanthropies cred-
it out of it, or to seem
without actual sacrifice to be
loyal to their traditions. You
will find our report rather har-
den, because in that sort of
document, half demand & supply
of half heavenly mindedness (to
quote Harriet Martineau) there is
no place for the little anecdotes,
which are the most illustrative
of all. You may notice a
word of thanks to a "Mr. Richardson
recently a slave" - at the close. He
did a good deed for us. When
the time of opening the doors
pup, I enquired, "But where
is the flag?" (the one that
streams across the street, yearly,

letter "Anti Slavery force", &
town with tempests - dark, we
could fancy, with battle-smoke of
of three & twenty fights.)
Forward come the gentlemen
to say - "we have applied to the
proprietor of the rope, to carry the
rope from our chimney to his:
he is irremediably sulky, & will
not hear of it. To any other
chimney it can only be
carried at the risk of life,
over a shakily-pitched ^{slate} roof, covered
with three feet of fresh snow. It
would be difficult enough at any
time. Dangerous indeed now: &
we will not send a man where
we will not go ourselves." Now was
the black man's time. The camel,
bending low & chivalrous -
just escaped from slavery - accustom-
ed to creeping & crouching & desperate
dancing, & felt his superiority.

"Madame! only say you wish it done!" - "I cannot, Sir, under the circumstances. They tell me it is dangerous to life to do it."

"I am here to serve the Ladies - only say then, Madame, that you do not forbid it." "I cannot allow it."

"But Madame!" (an indescribable mixture of glee & devotedness -)
"with a boom!" "Go!"

✓ off went his shoes & stockings & up went he & the boom, & the flag soon "flouted the sky" - or more truly, the pro-Slavery Jubilee. We called him Van Tromp after this. But, though the boom obviated all necessity of trusting to a slippery uncertain footing, it could not make it safe to go ahead, - & so he took cold & had a stitch in his side, & we ordered "force remedies," & he was

life unsafe for us in those regions. Personally I was not
much attracted to the American life that would have
cured. His wife & children
and, their too, I am assuming
one of the re
any Lowell. Which I shall because
the teachers are
one of the
Marginal, as the South continued.
We are feeling profoundly, many
times, as you may well be -
agone from the papers. A school-
mate of my brother - a brother of
my friend - named William H. White,
you will have seen this name in
one book of reports years ago, has been
murdered in the West. He was such
a people like to believe that he was
murdered for his money: but he had
just been engaged in a Card-Suit without
having been kept out of the Court
house in a fight, plane of case, while
Southerners were admitted & he was,
though very kind in disposition extreme
by temperance of right. He has disap-
peared out of life no one knows how.
He was the very man, fed too, inean-
tions, unsuspecting, a little vain glorious,
to be killed by the slaveholders who make

Chapman